



T H E

Precious Goblet

A new SONG.

SEE, the jolly, jol'y God appear,
In his hand, the bowl he rear,
Quaffing let us drown all care,
And all our noble spirits cheer.

C H O R U S.

Precious goblet, dart divine,
Let me, let me quaff the rosy wine.

See the hoary, hoary honours grow,
Wrinkles trespass on his brow,
Let them come prepar'd I stand,
And hold the goblet in my hand,

Cupid in my youthful, youthful hours,
Led me captive to his pow'rs,
Now the branches from the vine,
And guard me to his dart divine.

Bacchus, jolly, jolly God appear,
None but choicest friends are here,
Pierce the oldest, deepest cask,
And let us drain the fragrant flask,

